

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

How we get them on our String.

Ten minutes before I write this, Judge W. E. Bates, County Judge of Scott county, and consequently a Democrat, stopped me on the street, asked me to send him the Blue Grass Blade and stop in his office whenever I wanted the money. Last night I saw him in the Court House listening with profoundest interest to a red hot Prohibition speech from Prof. Rucker, in which the Professor told the people that politics that had no religion in it was not worth a darn—or words to that effect.

The Judge said he had been reading the New York Voice.

You let a man read the New York Voice, and then hear Rucker talk Prohibition, and sit down calmly and prayerfully on a beautiful Sabbath morn and read one of my religious editorials, and he is just as dead sure to catch the Prohibition fever as you would be to catch the seven-year itch by sleeping with a man that had it.

I think Bro. Bates will get into the true fold in just about the right time to take one vote off the Democratic side and put it on the Prohibition side in November 1892.

What the Blue Grass Blade Has Done.

After the fair, races, circus, dog show, and a Kilkenny political contest, a moral cyclone seems to have struck Lexington, and the preachers are preaching sermons, citizens calling through the papers, for a clearing out of the "Augean stables" that have produced a stench in the nostrils of good people. The City Council have closed up the pool rooms, the candidates for the city offices declare a new regime shall be inaugurated, and the air is full of reform. The Y. M. C. A. is lending a hand, and prominent divines are holding meetings for men only. This moral epidemic seems to be spreading and the question naturally arises who brought the infection into the Athens of the West? Any fair minded person will at once say the Blue Grass Blade wielded by that avowed infidel, who lives like a Christian, Charles C. Moore. If ever the city of Lexington tones up its morals to a healthy condition its good people should present Editor Chas. C. Moore with a gold box containing a document acknowledging him a public benefactor for fearlessly fighting the battle for sobriety, morality and pure living.—Vermillion Clarion.

O. K. on Prohibition.

Every once and a while we receive congratulations that we did not combine with *The Blade*. We have heard that Moore has been crazy, that he is crazy, and that he will go crazy. We have known him from young boyhood, and lived not so very far from him for over twenty years, and the only thing we ever heard rather hard on him is, "that he couldn't preach." We never heard him try, and hence will not deny the allegation.

Do you remember a little story, about Lincoln and Grant? Grant in the field fighting and winning. Stay-at-home-generals jealous of his rising fame, defaming him to Pres. Lincoln. Grant was charged with being a confirmed drunkard who ought to be discharged. Pres. Lincoln quietly listened and asked, "Do you know where Gen. Grant gets his whiskey? He immediately added his reason, for the query, for the benefit of his auditors, "I want to buy some of the same whiskey for my other Generals."

So say we. We need more men like Moore, be they crazy or sane, in the Prohibition field. We want and need a whole Asylum like him turned free right here in whiskey cursed Kentucky. Compare Moore's fearless and withering rebukes of churches for their compounding with the liquor traffic, with the "still tongues" of many preachers, on the most vital issues before the people.

In view of eternity, and the solemn warnings of God's book, and the responsibility upon the man in the pulpit, for the welfare of his fellow men's souls, we must conclude such preachers are deluded by the devil, are madmen,

are crazy. Compared with them, Moore's sanity looms up to heaven while theirs is not as high as a mole hill.

Moore is not mad, most noble Festness. He is simply an intensely earnest man, fearlessly true to his convictions and his convictions are true, on the Prohibition issues.—The Worker.

Every once in a while I receive congratulations that I did not combine with *The Worker*.

And yet Bro. Neal and I are scheming to extend the circulation of the Blade, as you will see from his article for the Blade, headed "A preacher's fund."

If I could just get him converted to heatism and Woman's Rights he and I would be thoroughly congenial.

"How Doth the Little Busy B."

All can name the man made famous by his use of three R's. Not the "Reading," "Riten," and "Rithmetic" chap, but the "Rum Rome and Rebellion" after dinner orator Burchard. Now a *la Bro.* Burchard we suggest that the Blade, the BALLOT and the BIBLE, are our true weapons to use, especially in old Kentucky, to sweep out the vile saloon system. Three B's, this three, will set us free. So mote it be.—The Worker.

Well I'll be dogged if things aint changing around so that it's hard for me to tell which side of this Bible business I am on.

The editor of *The Worker* is a preacher who has had charge of a big Louisville church.

My Presidential Prospects.

There is some talk of Mr. Chas. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade, going to be made the nominee of the Prohibition Party, for President. Is there anything in it? If there is you can just look out for Hail Columbia Happy land. Charlie is all right if he does get ice in Georgetown for nothing.—Georgetown News.

As to Presidential honors I believe I would decline in favor of some such man as St. John or Dickie or John A. Brooks; but I do not think any "cold water" man ought to beat the ice man, and my brother of the *News* would find upon investigation that I have paid my ice bills promptly. In only one instance have I ever gotten any ice in Georgetown "for nothing."

A few weeks since, when my son was sick in the night, and the ice dealers were closed up, I went to the Wells House to buy some. The clerk kindly got me an abundance of it, but declined to take any money.

L. H. Hastings, in "The Hustler" on Moses and Ingersoll and Me—With a Big M.

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll on the "Mistakes of Moses," is not within a thousand miles of being as interesting and profitable reading as Moore on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

In fact Moore's shibboleth is Prohibition, with a big P at that, and he is ready on a minute's notice to turn old Bob Ingersoll out of his communion and fellowship, even if he, Ingersoll, is the prince of Rationalists and the modern Infidel King. The Blade is a rare jewel of consistency. But what of our modern church and religious papers? What papers would scold and blister, roast and fry a towering leader in their ranks, for his aid and comfort to the saloon system by his old party vote, as Moore scores his leader and, in some respects, his ideal of a man?

But to take up our starting thought a Boston man of international renown has taken "Infidel Robt' G." into hands with his gloves off. Hear him:

It would be interesting to hear a military leader and legislator, like "Moses the man of God," who after he was eighty years old, commanded for forty years an army of six hundred thousand men, emancipating, organizing, and giving laws to a nation which has maintained its existence for more than thirty stormy centuries give his candid opinion concerning "the mistakes" of a "Colonel" of a cavalry, whose military career is said to have included one single engagement, in which "he was chased into a hog-yard and surrendered to a boy of sixteen," after which, as soon as exchanged, he heroically, resigned his commission in the face of the enemy, subsequently turning his attention to managing swindling whisky

rings, discussing theology, defending scoundrels, blaspheming God, and criticizing dead men who can not answer him.—H. L. HASTINGS.

Gentlemen, I'm umpiring this game, and you've got to tote fair. All of that's mighty nice for me, but don't you fool yourself. Bob Ingersoll has got four times as much brains as the Editor of "The Hustler," and my unknown brother, Hastings, and the "Boston man" and I, all put together, with Wendling—the "Mistakes of Ingersoll" man—thrown in for good measure.

And he has already done ten times as much good for the world as all five of us ever will do if we live to be a hundred.

I left the pulpit before I had ever heard of any man on earth named Ingersoll, because I saw that Colenso the English Bishop of Natal was dead sure right in saying the Pentateuch was wrong. I was regarded by my friends and neighbors as fast on religion until Ingersoll came to my rescue and I just handed my job over to Bob; and you know whether or not they have done him. The issue of The Hustler in which the above appears contains that old fake about Beecher telling Ingersoll that famous chestnut that has gone the rounds of the papers forty times, about a big strong bully knocking the crutches from under a lame man. Anybody that knew the two men would know it to be all poppycock. Ingersoll was too old a cheese to be fooled on that kind of a rat, and would have thought old Henry Ward drunk if he had tried to catch him with that kind of chaff, or salt on his tail.

I had talked with Ingersoll and heard him lecture, and then in a conversation with Mr. Beecher he had never at that time seen Ingersoll, told Mr. Beecher that Ingersoll would be a man after his own heart, and it was not long before Mr. Beecher met Ingersoll, and introduced him to an audience in Boston.

Beecher and Ingersoll were both equally great intellectually, and believed precisely the same thing. Beecher may have lied about what he believed, like he did in that "Kitty Fisher" racket he got into with Bessie Turner, but he and Ingersoll were just as congruous as two old coons, when you knew the "frus in wardness" of Beecher, as but few did, and the "frus in wardness" of Ingersoll as everybody did.

Beecher was just like Briggs and McQuary and Harper and Cave and Pentecost and Loramer, and every rascal of them is like that fellow in the hymn that stands "on Jordan's stormy banks" and "fears to launch away."

They all admire old Christopher Columbus who turned his prow straight across, while the other fellows were coasting around and watching the old land marks, but they remember the leaves and fishes, and the flesh pots and lentils and garlick and onions of Egypt, and they haven't got the sand in their craws, and old Bob has.

Grant's experience at the head of his army for a few years was nothing compared with the intellectual and moral racket that Ingersoll has gone through.

As to Ingersoll's military career I know nothing; but I think that the "Boston man" is simply shooting off his mouth, in all that racket he gives Ingersoll.

Ingersoll is wrong on the liquor question, because he is not a pronounced Prohibitionist, as I have no doubt his heart, as well as his brain, dictates he ought to be. But when that is said of him the worst is said that can justly be said, that is a reflection upon his morals. His theology is a question of opinion, and as to what "blasphemy" consists of depends largely upon the judge and jury that try the case.

I must say that I do not see any ground for bouncing Ingersoll upon his liquor record in which his greatest sin is that he has been engaged in the "conspiracy of silence," as long as such men as Billy "Silvertongue" and Lyman Abbott remain undomesticated.

Lexington is chock full of "Christians" who would vote for Ingersoll for Mayor, before they would vote for any Prohibitionist in the town; and they would forget to tell you so.

As to Ingersoll's "criticizing dead men who can't answer him" I never knew of his adversely criticizing any dead man but Moses; and he has said some mighty pretty things about some other men that were dead.

Old Bro. Bob was as easy on Moses as he could be. To the best of my recollection I have ripped into old Bro. Moses sometime and said he was a fool or a liar. But Ingersoll has kindly alluded to Moses' ideas of cosmog-

ony and archeology and astronomy and chronology and geology and psychology and phlebotomy, and a whole lot of ologies and isms as the "Mistakes of Moses."

You never heard him say he was glad Moses was dead, and I have repeatedly said I was glad that David and John Calvin and Solomon were all dead.

They are the only three Bible characters that I can't swallow—that is so as to make them lie on my stomach.

I have been sneaked in so often that I have always had a fellow feeling for Jonah, and I don't see how any man who ever plowed a mule can keep from sympathizing with Balaam.

"About that Distinguished Judge who Threatened to kill You."

CLINTON, KY., Dec. 13 '91.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Editor.
DEAR SIR—Your paper (The Blue Grass Blade) comes into our office regularly. I presume my friend J. D. Taylor is taking it.

To say the least of it, we appreciate it, and read it closer than any paper we take; among which are the following: The Courier-Journal, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis Republic, New York Herald, The Voice, The National Economist, The Clinton Democrat, etc.

Now about the distinguished Judge who threatened to kill you, if you ever put his name in your paper again. I do not know who he is, nor do I care to know. One thing I do know, that in my estimation as a semi-Democratic Prohibitionist, he is so very small that if he were brought under the most powerful magnifier he would not appear larger than a fly—speak on the Western Hemisphere.

I have one thing to say; I admire your true manly courage, but I cannot conceive of the very potent fact, why and how you ever managed from "knocking all the face off of him."

For one to promulgate the principles that you do, and do it so fearlessly and unflinchingly, shows the very highest marks of true bravery and heaven born patriotism.

For a man to walk up to you and threaten your life on the grounds that that man did, shows not the slightest resemblance of bravery. But to the contrary depicts and paints in the most powerful and objective language known to the human race, the characteristics and qualities of real cowardice.

Man, when viewed in the light of his nobility and when contending for true patriotic principles, is the sublimest production of Divine creation. But when viewed in the light of one man accusing his fellow man on the street, and threatening to deprive and take from him that which can be given only by omnipotence, in Divine creation, is a scene of carnage, of savagery of heinousness, of bull-dogs, of bulls, and all that is "damnable in war and pusillanimous in peace."

Just continue the good work of putting hot coals of fire on these old sea-headed hypocrites, who sit in the front pews and Amen corners, on Sunday, and go out in the week and rob, by encouraging and selling this article which is now sapping the very life blood of our nation.

Every time you get on their toes they will squeal "enough."

Now in conclusion about this Judge. I want to say that I would not know him from "Adam's foot," and it may be that he never drank a drop of alcohol in his life, and if such be the case, on this one point he should be heartily commended, and I bid him God speed. But in the future he ought to stop and think over the fact that man is an intelligent being, that he is endowed with reason, and with judgment and that God created him one step above the lower animals, and man certainly ought to appreciate his Creator and reverence him for the very high standing that has been given to man in the animal world.

You are doing a noble work and I am sure that the intelligent public appreciate you.

Sincerely Yours
JOHN T. EVANS.

Let any should think that gentleman was prompted to write that letter from some personal consideration, I will say that I never heard of him in my life, until I got that letter.

I suppose I am what people generally mean when they call a man a "coward." I have no admiration even for military heroes, where men do violence under warrant of law, but when it is made an individual thing, and a man is

willing to do this as a personal matter, that trait of character excites my repugnance.

I want to tell of two instances of my life that most severely tried my courage. One of them I have alluded to before in the Blade.

I was on the banks of the Seine in the great, and then imperial, city of Paris. A man as large as I was was drowning in the river, having gone in to commit suicide, as I afterward found. In the agonies of death he called for help.

There was not a man in the city that knew my name, and I knew that if I were drowned no friend of mine would ever know what became of me. I saw that nobody else was going even to try to save him. I knew he was a Frenchman, and that under the most favorable circumstances I could talk but little French.

I did not have time to take off even my long tourist's coat I had to see and think all this in ten seconds and I was so far from the river that it would take a hard run before I could get to the water's edge. The expression "A drowning man will catch at a straw" flashed through my mind as I jumped into the river, deep enough to drown me the first plunge. I swam for the place where I had last seen him go down believing he would catch me with a death grasp, and believing the chances were at least one out of two that he would drown me. When I got to where I last saw him he was "out of sight." I swam around over the spot, and finally saw the top of his head I caught him in the hair and pulled it above water. He did not struggle or make any noise, and I was afraid he was dead, then I started to swim to shore, and I got there, and I had my man. My own breath was so nearly gone that I was almost gasping and could hardly get out of the water, but I dragged my man with me, and in that condition managed to draw him across the gangway of a small boat with his head down, and the water poured out of his mouth, and I saw him draw a breath, and then I stopped to take a breath, and worked with him a little more and then I saw that he could breathe pretty nearly as well as I could, and then I set him up on a seat of the boat, and we both panted for breath. But after a while he said "Merci, merci, mille fois merci." I said "Merci, merci, mille fois merci." I took a poor unhappy Frenchman home to his wife. She offered me a glass of wine, but I did not take it. I was more afraid of that little wine than of all the water in the Seine. When I remember how cowardly the newspapers described me as acting the other day, I can comfort myself by thinking of the words of that Frenchman, away on the other side of the ocean in 1865.

These Christian people tell me that after death the nations of the earth will be brought to judgment. If I shall be called upon to plead my own case, I've got my little speech ready. It will be part English and part French. I am just going to say this: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." "Merci, merci, mille fois merci." And I will submit the case without another word.

But swimming for that man was not the severest test of my courage to which I was ever subjected.

One exceedingly dark, but hot, summer night during the war, I was with the Confederate wounded and dying and dead on a battle field, in a dilapidated old log cabin, in a wilderness. There was not a woman anywhere near, and for the fevered and thirsty wounded we had no ice and even common spring water was hard to get; it was so dry.

In the day time a drunken Yankee soldier had met me in a lonely place with nobody near us. I had no weapon. He cocked his Minnie rifle, and I recollect it now distinctly that I could see down the muzzle of it that it was nice and bright and in good order, while he discussed the propriety of killing me right there. I did not argue the case with him, but I remember distinctly that I did not feel any great dread.

But about midnight a poor fellow who had a minnie ball hole clear through him that had entered almost at the center of his chest and who died the second or third day after, said "Oh what would I give for some cold water."

I knew that down in a deep ravine some distance from the cabin there was a spring; but the trees and undergrowth were so thick that it was dark there even in the day time.

What few nurses we had were tired and so stupefied with drowsiness and watching that I had dif-

ficulty to rouse one of them to watch that dying man while I went to the spring. I went into a little shed room and got a small tin bucket. There lay a handsome young Confederate officer. He was dead. He had asked that he might be buried without letting his father know what had become of him, for his father was a "Union" man. But I had cut a lock of hair from the young man's head and sent it to his father in a letter. (The day after I helped bury him in a grave that I helped dig, in the hard clay by the road side.)

I started out the front door of the cabin on to a little dilapidated front porch. Lying on a hard bench and with his head on a board that had one end propped up against the side of the house was a young Rebel soldier. A ball had struck him just below and in front of the ear, passed through, and came out at the corresponding place on the other side, and the jaw bone was broken on each side. It was a ghastly sight, for his chin had gone clear back to his throat. Before night he had asked me just to set a pan of water by him and said or wrote it, or signified it some how—I forget—that was all he would want for the night. He was sound asleep but groaning piteously, which he did not do when he was awake.

I stepped out into the pitch dark, and in a few steps passed close by where my brother-in-law, Maj. Thomas Y. Brent, said to be the handsomest man in Morgan's command had lain dead, but little before that with a Minnie ball hole in his bosom. A little further on he lay buried in a box behind a little old stable under a pretty grape vine.

On a side of the road, the Confederate dead lay buried without any box even, in one big hole. Further on the Federal soldiers, who had been victorious were nicely buried.

With thoughts of this kind on my mind, and exhausted in body and brain and heart I started for that spring. I could only depend upon hearing the water fall over the rocks.

I thought I might fall over a precipice; but the thing which horrified me most was the idea of stumbling upon the body of some dead man, or possibly finding one who had crawled to that spring for water, and had died there. I knew there was but little probability of it, but I could not dispel the horror.

In all the experience of my life, I have never felt anything nearly so awful as the darkness, and the silence of that place, save the trickling of the little stream from the spring.

I got the little bucket full of water and climbed back up the hill over rocks and fallen trees.

When I got back to the man for whom I had gotten the water, I found that the man whom I had set to watch him had gone to sleep and was lying across the helpless body of his dying comrade. I pulled him off. The wounded man said "Would I ever have believed that my own fellow soldier, could lie down and go to sleep on a man in his fix."

The man who threatened to kill me a few days ago was one whom I had complimented in print, as having been a gallant Confederate soldier.

Rev. R. B. Neal wants "a Preacher Fund" for the Blade.

I want to raise a fund to pay for three or four thousand extras of *The Blade* each week for at least a month. I want to send these extras to preachers all over the land. I have a good list now and can easily lengthen it to 5,000 names.

Moore's parodies and caricatures on Bible history, are so blunt, old and awkward, that they won't face their faith in the Bible one bit, and his articles on Prohibition are so strong, unique and brilliant that they will do preachers more good than even the Voice.

So it is in order now for an extension fund for the Blade. All receipts will be acknowledged in the Blade, and papers sent as funds permit.

Send in lists of preachers in your town and county.

Address
R. B. NEAL,
CENTERVILLE, KY.

The above is entirely the suggestion of Bro. Neal and I had no intimation of the proposition until I received the manuscript for the above.

I regard it as a very high compliment, and if friends see cause to assist the Blade in the way suggested by Bro. Neal I will try to be on my best Sunday behavior while writing for all of these gentlemen of the cloth.

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New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woollen Dress Material.
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS.
Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.
Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.
Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.

Has a "Picnic" out of the Blade.

PILLAR POINT, N. Y.
Dec. 11 91.

C. C. Moore Esq.
DEAR SIR—Find enclosed \$1.00 which credit on my subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

While I can hardly agree with your religious views, your principles on prohibition are sound, and your editorial comments really afford us a picnic, as you are saying so many good things.

Go ahead Bro. Moore, and don't let up a particle on the hypocritical ministers and church members who vote to perpetuate the old license party.

Loug may you live to wield the keen Blade.

Yours Truly,
D. W. GOULD.

Rev. Neal Comments upon "The Pen's" Comment.

The Blue Grass Blade has risen from its dead. It could not lie still in its grave while the diabolical liquor traffic is abroad in the land. It made its reappearance on October 31st.—[The Pen.]

The Pen can't tell when a fellow is only resting—fighting for the second wind. The Blade is not dead—nor even taking a cat-nap. It was simply on the lookout for "posies"—that's all. If the Blade lives long enough there will be a funeral in the land.

The saloon chaps may prepare now to shed tears.—[The Worker.]

If editor Moore of the Blue Grass Blade and many of the Christian people of Lexington are to be believed, public morals at that city are at a discount. Sunday afternoon lectures have been delivered "to men only" by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, the Hon. J. H. Beauchamp, and the Rev. E. L. Southgate. These lectures are highly sensational and are the subject of discussion by the people and press of the city.—[Anderson News.]

Hard on Kentucky University.

(By Rev. R. B. Neal.)
The following editorial clipped from the Otago Review, bearing on mission work punctures where puncturing is needed. It also emphasizes the work The Blade is trying to do.

Just now it would seem to a man up a tree, and not very high up either, that the Blade is doing more work than the University and the churches combined to sweep Lexington clean of the saloons, that Talmage calls the "mouths of hell."

This work should be headed and lead most vigorously and most fearlessly by an open and avowed Nationalist, is a cutting comment on the Christian manhood of the city.

No matter what Moore is; an infidel, Rationalist or Hottentot; he is simply leading along the line of Christian work. This is undeniable. That he ought to be a follower along this line of work is also unquestionable. The only way to make him a follower is to catch up with him and pass him, and keep ahead if you can. We want to see all the preachers start out in the race with him, for the honor of carrying the colors, in the grandly sublime and terrific combat with the liquor league powers of hell. But read the editorial.

"Still another objection is found in the strong drink traffic. Mahometan's have learned to call saloons by the dignified name 'Christian drinking houses.' Col. Childs, who was U. S. Consul to Siam, told me some years ago that one day he, in company with another, approached a Mahometan restaurant and remarked that he supposed that he could get be was promptly informed by the keeper of that restaurant that he was a Mahometan and 'handled no intoxicants.' But those heathen nations are now being filled with drunkards by our so-called Christian nations. From benighted Africa comes the petition to Queen Victoria that she will not permit her people to bring or send more strong drink into that dark region. While the gospel has not sufficient influence over our own people to put down or purge out the demon of strong drink, nor prevent our own people from corrupting and degrading the heathen by taking strong drink among them, how can we expect the gospel in our hands to convert them? At present the best we can do for the heathen is to work against the strong drink traffic in this country. Alcohol and opium which our boasted Christian nations have introduced among the heathen has done probably a thousand fold more toward cursing the heathen than the Bible sent from those so-called 'Christian nations' have done toward blessing them. Not long since a certain preacher whom I can name went to Lexington, Kentucky, where the great 'Christian University' (so-called) has long been established, and he found the city of Lexington as full of saloons as the devil could wish.

That preacher decided that if such a University had no more moral influence in a city as small as Lexington, it certainly is not a wholesome place for young men. Where strong drink flows all other iniquity may be found. But the condition of things in Lexington is mentioned to show that in such a center of enlightenment there is not sufficient moral and religious force to purge out the curse of curses.—STRONG DRINK.

It is just such Christian doings, or "not doing" as indicated above that make Moore border on profanity sometimes when he thinks over it.

Take Georgetown. The saloons have more power than churches and colleges combined. Let a contest come for Local Option. Temperance folks are snowed under every time, and deep at that.

Put a Mahometan in the place of every Christian, and let each one of them be as poor as old Elly's mule, and the saloons would be advanced out of existence, too deep even to be heard from.

What is the matter with professed Christians? Too much theory and too little practice. The faith in the Trinity etc., may be orthodox; sound as a new dollar; but the illustration of it by voting with and for whisky-cursed and controlled parties, or refusing to vote against them, is most damnable. But I have hired Moore to do my cussing, and I will let up on this article for fear I trespass on his part of the job.

R. B. NEAL.

Now you all can see where I am learning to swear. It's from associating with preachers.

Did you ever hear Dr. O'Mahony's story about old Mrs. Maloney's boy?

The doctor is one of these Frenchmen—as his name indicates—who was born in Cork. I haven't any Irish type and I can't make the story sound as well as the Doctor does when he tells it with the French accent that they use in Cork.

The doctor says that Mrs. Maloney had a boy at the Catholic school in Lexington, and the boy was such a persistent and excessive swearer that the teacher thought of sending him home, but he finally advised with the priest about it, and the priest went to see Sister Maloney about it. The old lady listened to the priest's account of the boy and then exclaimed, "Well, Jesus Christ, where in the devil did that boy learn to swear?"

Prof. McGarvey's ignorance of the moral status of Lexington is astounding. A mere boy, sprung from his own loins, it is said, could open his eyes very wide. Perhaps it was intended for children of Lexington to be wiser than children of light.—Nicholasville Democrat.

Prof. McGarvey's friends know to what you allude. Like a true man he is trying to save his boy and the boys of other people, by working for prohibition, and that's what you ought to be doing instead of helping the political party that did all it could to ruin his boy, and then taunting him because he suffers from the evil that you have helped to inflict upon him.

John W. Overstreet, writing from Little Hickman to the Blue Grass Blade, of Lexington, refers deprecatingly to a certain "country paper" that wiped its nose on his interesting "copy" because he wrote a complimentary about the Blade. This was shabby treatment since Mr. O. wrote so many "boosts" about the "country paper." A country correspondent, ambitious to write a long letter, from a quiet locality, must perforce occasionally take a whack at the Johns. John is a whacker.—Nicholasville Democrat.

Lancaster, Ky., Wants the Blade to Take a Hand in Its Liquor Debate.

I have received a copy of The Central Record of Lancaster, Ky., and a letter calling my attention to a liquor discussion in it, into which I am asked to dip an oar.

If the editor of the Record has any particular politics or religion there is nothing in his paper to indicate it.

The paper contains two articles one of which is signed "A Lady" and the other signed Joseph O. Frank, which are written against the liquor infamy, and one written in favor of it by a man who signs his name W. S. Miller.

The first two are models of literary excellence, and forcibly and kindly reflect the sentiments of a cultivated, civilized, refined and Christianized lady and gentleman. The last is written by a man who attempts to defend his selling whisky, and whose bad grammar, misquotation of Shakespeare, and pedantry suggest that he is probably a saloon-keeper.

He represents himself as a martyr, but murders the King's English, and God's truth, and Shakespeare, all at one fell swoop, by

saying "but there is no rights in law or society for the license man—if he is a 'native to the manner born.'"

We hope in a few more years to be able truthfully to say *There are no rights in law or society for the license man*, but I think it would be a "little previous" to make that remark around Lexington, yet while, as we have a Mayor, Legislator, Lieutenant Governor and five Councilmen and Aldermen all running saloons in full blast, as "license men."

Col. Miller's deprecation of "Christian hypocrisy"—some of which I am bound to admit I have noticed, and perhaps alluded to myself—would indicate the Colonel to be a man of deep religious convictions. If this be the case, it is unfortunate that he had not been informed of this distinguished recognition of the "rights in law and society, for the license man" in Lexington, as gainsayers are thereby led to impugn the Colonel's candor.

The Colonel puts the climactic touch on a wild burst of law-loving enthusiasm by deposing thusly.

"And yet, in this day of refinement, and in the midst of the civilized people in the world we are confronted with a class of people who are not only encouraging outlaws, but are actually defending it through the columns of your paper, and say that they prefer to have the sale of spirits in the hands of the illegal, rather than the legal vender. This, I am happy to say, is not the feeling of the whole community, but only a few people who are not in a position to really know what is best for the community."

Whatever may be true of his rhetoric, the department of logic seems to have been neglected in the Colonel's education, and under the guise of being a saloon-keeper, he is really a blatant Prohibitionist. The Colonel has failed to see the oft printed accounts of the reacting of a boomerang, in the hands of an unskillful manipulator.

Supposing the "class of people" to whom he refers to be Prohibitionists, he has given the readers of the Record, a perfectly fair statement of the position of the Prohibitionists, a thing that they do not often get from anything but Prohibition papers.

The Colonel, in speaking of Prohibitionists says "that they prefer to have the sale of spirits in the hands of the illegal, rather than the legal vender." If he had done it with a kodak he could not have made a better picture of an intelligent Prohibitionist.

If the "sale of spirits" has to be "in the hands" of any kind of a "vender," we say by all means let it be an "illegal vender," for then we stand a good show to snub him up and send him to the penitentiary for vending it, just as we now do a "moonshiner" for distilling it. I am sorry to have to admit that there is great truth in the Colonel's statement that now "only a few people" concur with us in this eminently rational and moral view of the liquor business, but I think that by voting time in '92 there will be more of us; in '96 there will be enough of us to get the Colonel see we are going to get it in for him, and when the new century opens, eight years from now, if God allows him and me to cumber the earth until that time, I am pretty certain that, unless he quits his present calling, there will be enough of us to put him in the penitentiary, put striped clothes on him, and put him to make his living in a more decent way than he is now doing. And in the language of "Old Hickory," "By the eternal" we will do it.

But now a word to the Prohibitionists around Lancaster and Stanford.

It's a disgrace that some one of you has to write me an anonymous letter asking me to write a reply to the nonsense of that ignorant man.

You ought to have your own paper so that you could put your heel on the head of that which is "more subtle than any beast of the field," and crush it, when in any public journal, it dares thus to rear its horrid front, to offend every sense of decency and good order.

There is not a saloon-keeper nor distiller in Lexington who would dare to write an article in any paper in this town, in defense of his business house; and to show you that what I say is true, I dare any one of them to try to defend it and will promise to publish it in the Blade if he wants me.

They know it's an infamy, and neither the Mayor, Lieutenant Governor of the state, nor State Legislator, all actively engaged in liquidation by the drink—two of them certainly to minors—will dare to try to defend their iniquitous traffic with any kind of argument. They and their friends may try to silence me by brute force but two of these, the curled darlings of Lexington "upper-tendons," and another one who is to fill the seat of Henry Clay in the state capital, tremble like wet dogs at the idea of meeting me, a country clod-hopper, in any fair discussion. And yet this is the land of orators and chivalry, of

"fair women and brave men." If such as these are brave, God pity the cowards.

The man who wrote me the note and sent me the marked paper to get me to do up that Lancaster gin slinger stated that in the note there was "ten cents" the value of which was to be sent him in papers, and then signed himself "Your Friend," after the usual pyrotechnics about my "graphic pen." There was not a cent of any kind—postage stamps or anything else—in the letter.

I happened to notice on my books, the other day, my Stanford list.

About thirty papers go to that town to people whose names are given me as those of the best people about the town, and who would most probably pay me.

My paper has gone there now to them regularly for more than a year, and no man there has paid me a cent, promised to pay me, or even been just enough to notify me to discontinue it. I do not remember, but think it has not been much better at Lancaster; but a man from there claims to send me "ten cents" to pay me to dynamite one of his saloon-keepers, the mere printing of which will cost me two or three dollars, to say nothing of the liability of my getting killed by some Lexington thing for what I say about it.

I am mighty glad I don't have many "friends." A few more like those would kill me.

I would rather be a frog and bay the moon, or a dog and live upon the vapors of a "jungle" than such a man. They seem to think I have so much fun walking around this town feeling that any day some durned fellow may blow my head off that I would not care for any money, and that I ought to be well paid for my labor by their comments upon my exceeding funniness. If I should be killed to-morrow I believe there are men who are taking my paper in Lancaster and Stanford who would not only not pay my widow, but would not give our her and our children a "nickel" if they should see them begging on the streets.

Old Vanderbilt said "Damn the people," and Rev. Pentecost said "Let the people go to hell," and I tell you it is hard for a man to feel like a humanitarian in the face of such treatment.

An Elegant Piece of Lexington Infidel Literature, That Talks for Woman's Rights, in the "Truth Seeker."

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 21st. MR. EDITOR.—Much is said at the present period of individual improvement, but Christian thinkers do not recognize the idea that freethought is more congenial to the noblest mentality than a constant reference to lucubrations of great thinking men who are supposed to control the human mind and give tone to society views. If Herbert Spencer fails to direct us right, we can not attribute this want of success to the fact that he fawns upon the masses instead of instructing them. But what shall we say of Gladstone, who can not relinquish the idea that the Jews had a holy mission on earth; that their sin and repentance is the great Reckonian piece of strategy, the stupendous lesson, which has profited our morals as much as Greek culture has our minds? Nehemiah also, I suppose, might be said, according to Prideaux, to elaborate luxury upon the most approved and sinless plan, as a Hebrew Turveydrop might be expected to do.

The fact, however, is patent with us that the kindness of the Jews is more to be depended on, in business, than their conscience. We will not refuse to admit that a power in society like Gladstone, if not a powerful mind, will occasionally stumble on something great and admirable. So it is when he speaks of the great laws of kindness and justice, telling us they are written upon the human mind and nothing can efface them. This suggestion is depreciated by Cardinal Gibbons, another leader toward the gate of heaven. Does he forget, as he thinks upon his knees to some higher authority (if such process could be called brain-exercise), that justice could not breathe in the air of slavery in which we languish—that the great borrower called religion could not suggest anything to elevate the mind which had not been previously ground into us by some lower of equal rights? Can a person who has known nothing but servitude originate a luminous idea, when the truth exists that there is no aristocracy of thought; when the beggar over his crust can wear brighter gems of intellect upon his brow than a besotted king, most Christian, even upon his throne?

Herbert Spencer imagines that women have not the talents of statesmen, although it is well known that the best of them have an intense hatred of tyranny and partial reforms. One rift in the lure mists the most exquisite music of an impure stain upon a system of morals drags it back to infamy. "Tolerably moral." So of a loaf of cake: the sugar was not very good, the flour, eggs, and

spice were defective—do you want any of it? Dr. Carus has much to say of the weakness of women; so had St. Paul. There is no nationality about the thoughts of the highest range of philosophers such as Hegel, Kant, Goethe, Plato. Let us cling to their generalizations. An opinion is not to be swallowed; it must be put to the test. But our Ingersoll—yes, he is onrs—flung a handful of diamonds into the columns of the glorious Truth Seeker when he declared that with regard to men and women he believed in equal rights.

Plato, as well as other great thinkers, would never have discounted woman if she had knelt at his feet and implored him, at least, to give her a chance to exercise and improve her talents which bear upon the welfare of the human race.

ALHAZA

There is not a newspaper man in Lexington that can write in as fine a style as that, and I there is any preacher or lawyer who can do it, I do not know.

I print that extract for two purposes. One is to show that some Lexington infidel—of whose identity I have no idea—is for Woman Rights, right alongside the best Prohibitionists; and the other is to show you that you are feeling yourself when you are trying to make it appear that all infidels are fools.

The peculiar spelling of "The Truth Seeker" is preserved.

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Baby Carriages at cost

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QUEEN & CRESCENT
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ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Savannah, Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville, Cedar Key, Tampa, St. Augustine and CUBA, Columbia, Montgomery, Mobile and Pointe a Pitre, GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

Our of seventy thousand British troops in India eighteen thousand are stationed in India. For every five hundred British troops there are only one hundred Europeans. The strength of the British in India is maintained by another battalion. The authorities in India make an annual grant of eight thousand rupees for temperance work, and give the use of a room in every corps for meetings, as well as allowing refreshment bars to be opened, the profits of which go to temperance work, so that the men are encouraged in every way to remain true to their pledge.

The connection between strong drink and poverty may be seen in a recent statement as to the condition of the people of India. Saloons are far the most numerous in the poverty stricken sections of that unhappy country. During the past year the amount of liquor consumed has fearfully increased, the figures being nearly a half million gallons of spirits more than last year. Is there any hope of Ireland, or indeed of any other country, where the people are degraded by the love of strong drink and are consequently always contending with want and poverty?

The Habit of Drinking.
An essential to the success of a country boy in a great city is to let drinking alone and absolutely. It does not need the stimulus, and the habit of drinking is responsible for most of the personal and business failures in both country and town. It is a bad sign when a young man's breath smells of alcohol. Confidence in him is impaired, and oftentimes more among those who drink themselves than among those who abstain. They know by experience that the first effect of alcohol is to weaken the judgment. They know that when the habit of drinking is once formed it usually becomes more and more fixed and demands greater and greater quantities of the stimulant, so that habitual drinkers are never in their right sober senses. Being never tell when it is safe to trust them. Drinking by a young man, too, suggests the possibility of dangerous companionship, of which employers are always fearful.—Standard.

PROHIBITION NOTES.
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An Elegant Line of NEW SPRING GOODS!
Korah Moire. Korah Moire
CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THE BLADE MAY COME.

The issue of Oct. 31st begins the second year of the Blade, and I hope that those who intend to take it will be as prompt as it is in paying me for it—\$2.00 a year for persons in good circumstances, and \$1.00 for persons who can not afford to pay more, and will tell meso.

The Blade will go to all persons to whom it went last year who have not ordered it discontinued.

Those who have not paid me for last year will please do so, if they feel that they ought to do so, and if not, please notify me to discontinue it, in order that I may not incur further loss by sending it to them.

I will have no collector and will not dun you for it.

If you are willing to pay me send the amount by mail and you will receive a receipt.

Fraternally yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

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The Fire in our place of business, did us just enough damage to necessitate the

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within the next Thirty Days. With this end in view we have marked every item down from one-half to one-third its value. This includes overcoats, suits and trousers for men, boys and children, underwear, neckwear, shirts, waists, collars, cuffs, gloves, hats, rubber goods, umbrellas, suspenders and hosiery; in short, everything in our building.

HERE IS A LINE TO GO BY.

25 cent linen collars go now at 10cts.

25 cent linen cuffs, 15 "

35 cent silk scarfs, 25 "

\$1.00 silk scarfs, 50 "

25.00 overcoats, 15.00 "

15.00 overcoats, 10.00 "

Now is your chance to lay in your Winter supply of clothing. You will not have another opportunity like this in a life-time. Everything goes but Only For Cash, and only for thirty days. Call early and take your pick.

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